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A Fellowship Christmas Carol

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

SNOW ON COMMUNION SUNDAY

This dawn, slow-rising, brought the year's first snow,
Through which Thy people go
To seek, as Thou hast willed, a holy place,
The table of Thy grace.
Fair is the snow; fair are Thy gifts of love,
For both are from above.
White is the snow; white are the flowers that dress
Thy house in loveliness.
White is the linen cloth that Thou hast spread,
And whiter still the bread.
White was the tomb that held Thee, Lord of light.
O make my heart as white!

—CATHERINE RUTH SMITH.

Published Bi-Monthly by the

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP

for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.,

15 PHILIPSE PLACE, YONKERS 3, N. Y.

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NOVEMBER-DECEMBER
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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

The Lion Is Growling

Dear Intercessors in the U. S. A.:—

Reliable information has come to hand that the old Hitler Jew-hate is creeping along like a lion. The growl is very disturbing. Wherever an opportunity presents itself to these Jew-haters they take a mean advantage, and sincere Jews are deprived of their possessions. As I write these lines I find myself burning with indignation, yet praying silently Paul's petition, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel . . ." Thus we can defeat Satan's strategic schemes by listening to Peter's dramatic exposure and the command to us all: "Satan goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour . . . whom resist, steadfast in your faith" (I Peter 5.8-9).

Read also Hebrews 11.33, "They stopped the mouths of lions." I have been seeking for a new commission to witness to Israel and for individuals we meet. Not by clear arguments, but by the deep love of Calvary. The Jew is impressed when we quietly manifest the spirit of love. I knew a missionary in Poland who did a quiet but very real work among Israel. I had often wondered if this friend were alive. Imagine my surprise when a letter from Brother Fred Stettler brought me the good news that he had met him and found him busy with Gospel work in Germany.

Are we not commanded to pray and faint not? Have we ceased to pray for Israel? Let Isaiah speak to us. The Holy Spirit will make that glorious Book a power for prayer and spiritual uplift. The revival of Hitlerism, and all the growls of the lion, can be checked and defeated by true prayer, in the triumphant Name of our Lord and Saviour. Let us be true in our confession. Our Father, God, is directing our eyes to the Scriptures revealing His great purpose for Israel. He will not only forgive our slackness, but will prosper the work with which He has entrusted us. It may be IN business, home, society, or elsewhere. The greater includes the lesser. "To the Jew first." God has said it. That is enough. It is burning in my heart to call for ten thousand Gentile Christians to resolve to pray daily (Romans 10.1): "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they may be saved."

Will you join with us? God bless and prosper you.

Yours for His purpose and plan for Israel,
F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

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A Fellowship Christmas Carol

For one editor, at least, Christmas is an exceedingly difficult time at which to write editorials of the conventional type. So many other matters present themselves to one's attention! They take up the hours of the day, and fill the mind and heart even during the so-called leisure time. How can one push them aside, and sit down to put cold, unemotional words on paper? The mental transition is difficult to make. But even as we contemplate the empty sheet before us, we wonder whether the impersonal approach is always the right one. Throughout the rest of the year, certainly, the personality of the editor should be kept in the background. May such a person, at Christmas-time, come out of hiding and, like Santa Claus, make one annual appearance? It would be pleasant to write of everyday concerns, and, at the risk of inviting disaster, tell our readers what it feels like to be a Secretary-Treasurer. They may be sure that this line of thought is not being followed without earnest prayer.

The much-loved classic of Charles Dickens, "A Christmas Carol," comes to mind. The tale is ostensibly Christian in tone, but in spite of Tiny Tim and his closing "God bless us every one," a kind of robustious paganism stalks through its pages. There is much feasting and merrymaking. These are inseparable from the idea of Christmas as we have come to know it through the years. But for the true Christian, of course, Christmas is something more. Against this somewhat pagan approach we may set the admirable keynote struck by Dr. E. Schuyler English in his appealing magazine, *The Pilgrim*, —the idea of "Christmas for Christ." In its practical application this means giving to the work of Christ the amount of money one would ordinarily spend on Christmas gifts for friends. In its thoughtful outworking, it means constantly putting Christ in the center of all things, on His day. We would think it strange if, on our own birthdays, the gifts were given not to us, but to someone else. Even a King, even a Heavenly King, wants and needs our birthday gifts to Him. We need not neglect others, but let us first and foremost remember Him.

Reverting for a moment to the "Christmas Carol," we may recall how Scrooge in his vision saw three ghosts, or spirits, — those of the Christmas Past, and of the Christmas Present, and of the Christmas To Come. Through this symbolism Dickens effectively presents the memories, hopes, fears and aspirations of his central character, and of other characters.

But if we are to try to write a Christmas Carol of our own, the spirits that come to us will not be exactly similar to those which Ebenezer Scrooge saw in his dream. If we may be terribly selfish for a moment and take ourselves as a starting-point, we may visualize a series of widening circles, which embrace first the Fellowship office and the home, then the neighborhood, the local Church, the various groups of friends and associates, and lastly the missionaries on the far-flung battle line, in many different lands. And as we contemplate them in their loving self-sacrifice, our thoughts will be drawn upward to the Great King Himself, whose birthday we are celebrating. This will be a different kind of Christmas Carol, — a Fellowship Christmas Carol.

We will proceed without further apology, referring to ourselves only when absolutely necessary. Come with us on the journey we are to make, — a journey that may leave us a little breathless by the time we finish it, for it covers so many different subjects, and so much time and space. And always,

as we make our journey, we hear in the background the chimes of Christmas, and the words and music of dearly loved carols. Listen with us:

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

THE OFFICE AND THE HOME

We lean back for a minute and look around the room. There have been some changes since last Christmas. The wall-paper had grown rather dingy (it was the original, put on when the house was built), so last winter the walls were done over in pale green. Daddy's certificate of ordination to the Christian ministry hangs here, and the picture that he loved, of Christ in Gethsemane; and recently we have placed here, also, a beautiful framed testimonial given to us by the officers of our local Church. Daddy's books are here, except for some which have been given to cherished friends; his wrought-iron lamp with the colored glass shade casts the same light over his big mahogany desk, just as it did when he was here.

We are writing on a gray Royal portable typewriter, which we have had for a little more than a year. Probably we would not have had it at that time, except for the fact that we sent the old one to a missionary. It is sometimes more satisfactory to ship used machines abroad, as the duties on new ones are prohibitively high. On the other side of the room stands the new addressing-machine which arrived last summer; it is simple to operate, and a great help in preparing the magazine-envelopes. Our readers may have noticed the change from the earlier typewritten addresses. Nearby stands the adding-machine which came to us, as a most unexpected gift, only a month ago. For the past six years, the bookkeeping and other financial work of the Fellowship had all been done with only a child's toy adding machine. The new one has already proved a great help and blessing. To us, these inanimate things which aid us so much in our work seem to have personalities of their own, and to be real and valued friends.

There is a small radio in the room, the same one that Daddy had here, and there is a little portable photograph, a later addition, with a few cherished records. Music and the spoken word can give deep comfort and sustaining power, especially when one is working late at night. Of course there are filing-cabinets (brought out from the former New York office six years ago, and periodically rearranged by us since then), and there are letters and receipts waiting to be written; but we will come back to these later. It is marvellous how Mamma's plants stay as green and healthy-looking as when she cared for them. Most of them are downstairs, but one is here. Finally, on the desk is a pile of notes, which will one day grow into a book, but there has been no time to type them of late.

Directly back of this room is the bedroom which was Daddy's, and which is now ours, for the winter months at least. It faces east; the windows of the office face west, and overlook the Hudson River and the Palisades. Let us make it clear, for the benefit of any recent friends, that the office and the home are one. This house, our home now for twenty-nine years, has been also the Fellowship's home for the past six of those years. It is very convenient

THE SECRETARY-TREASURER
AND THE MASCOT

for running into the office and writing down ideas just before going to bed. Behind the typewriter we have fastened a line that we cut from a Christmas advertisement in our Yonkers paper: "Open Every Evening Until Unconscious."

Downstairs, on the kitchen dresser (with only a small light on, at the far end of the room), lies the Fellowship's mascot, Skeezix, in what may be described as a wakeful slumber. Perhaps he is dreaming of the Christmas presents which have already begun to arrive for him, from as far away as California, sent by the loving friends of the Fellowship. Our own Christmas preparations have gone into temporary eclipse. But there is a collection of treasured recipes — some old and tried, some new and wild — for making Christmas delicacies, and we will get around to them some time. The refrigerator-room shelves are lined with glasses of apple, grape, and grapefruit jelly, which we put up earlier in the fall; they will be useful for little holiday parties later, when friends of the Fellowship drop in.

Like everybody else, we are wondering when we will ever get time to address our personal Christmas cards. The few packages, we are thankful to say, have already gone. This reminds us that we had what seemed like Christmas in November, when we mailed about twenty packages to our missionaries and associates overseas. They receive an annual remembrance, and usually they all receive the same thing; this year it is a set of heat-resistant table-mats with an attractive colored design. We are not giving away any secrets, as they will have their packages opened before they, or you, read these lines.

Furthermore, what about the two hundred imprinted calendars? There is some comfort in the thought that they really need not go out until toward New Year's. Work is progressing on the annual Christmas letters, some 1750 in number, and you should have yours before this magazine is in your hands. We sit here wondering what our readers will think about having a poem instead of a letter this year. Maybe we should have stuck to prose.

Down in the basement, where we have our packing-rooms, are some seven boxes of used clothing, ready for shipment overseas, and there are the "makings" for perhaps seven more. Our friends' gifts for this worthy work continue in an unabated stream, and we here record our humble gratitude. Beautiful clothes for children, daintily dressed dolls, candy, gifts of food, and other special remembrances, found in the boxes from time to time, show how truly our friends care about the needy ones abroad whom they are helping. We are grateful, too, for the help we have had this year, for the first time, with the boxes, and with sending out the Christmas letters.

We are going downstairs for a minute now, because we want to look out of the front door. We have to walk carefully, in order not to tangle with the

boxes of Christmas decorations that are lying on the stairs, ready to be put up in due time. Can any woman resist the lure of a white tree with bubble-lights, and of those colored candles that are wonderfully lifelike little figures? We have a group of carollers around a lamp-post, and children watching the fireplace, and a sleeping Santa, and best of all, a Nativity scene. But we will never have the heart to burn them.

This is a brief sketch of what home is like, when it is the home of a missionary society as well as of an individual. The music wells up again in our hearts:

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

We are looking out of the front door now. Our hill, once the scene of wild activity, has grown quieter of late years, for most of the children have grown up and gone away. They are putting up the Christmas tree in the little white house down the street. They have a new dog now, in place of Pal, who died. It seems only yesterday that we and our family were the newcomers in this neighborhood, but now, there are only three families who have lived on this hill longer than we have.

Somehow, we always like to look out and see our next-door neighbor's light. We never knew her well, until she was suddenly widowed two years ago. Her only son is in the Army. She spends part of her time in another city, but comes home for the week-ends, and there is something warm and friendly about the shining of her lamp. It speaks of a brave woman who is going on as best she can. Though solitary, unwatched save by her alone, it speaks of home.

A little farther down the street there lives another woman, more recently widowed, and now just returned, herself, from a stay in the hospital. She was proud and thankful that she was able to attend her monthly missionary meeting just before she had her operation, and again a month later, on coming back from the hospital. She did not miss a single meeting.

There is another small house, almost out of view there on the left, which we never pass without a prayer. It is the home of an elderly couple whose only child, a beautiful and dearly loved daughter, met her death in a tragic accident last August. She was just seventeen. This was one of those utterly meaningless things which make less stalwart spirits question the whole pattern of existence. This man and woman have gone on, giving their simple testimony that it is only their religious faith which makes them strong enough to endure.

The busy life of a missionary secretary, working sometimes eighteen hours a day, leaves little time for neighborhood visiting, in the ordinary sense of the word. But we are deeply conscious of these friends, and of others, for whom we pray. Perhaps you will join your petitions to ours. And we listen as we pray:

For he is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us he grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

THE CHURCH

Down the avenue, a brief ride on an unpredictable trolley, or a brisk walk if you prefer, stands a gray stone Church. To the casual observer, it probably looks very much like any other building of its kind; but to us, and doubtless to many others, it is the most beautiful Church in the world, because there we have found God. Because of that experience, a memorial room was dedicated there this past autumn, in memory of parents dearly loved. Outside this Church there is an illuminated Cross; inside, people will be putting up Christmas decorations next week, as they will be doing in other Churches throughout the land. This is a Church where the spoken word is a thing of beauty and of great spiritual impact, and where full use is made of the resources of music and art in further bringing the message of God to mankind.

A card enclosed with our Christmas letter to our friends has spoken of the blessings we have found recently in the practice of tithing. For the sake of convenience, the tithe (over and above the usual Sunday offerings) goes one month to the Church, the next month to the Fellowship. The amount for December was entirely taken up in extra expenses for the Fellowship in connection with our Christmas ministry. We still shudder a little on remembering the forty-seven dollars' postage on relief packages abroad, and the thirty-six (plus thirteen more the other day) dollars for stamps for the Christmas circular letters. But God is able.

Yes, we have been blessed in this Church, even though we would readily acknowledge that its members, especially ourselves, are far from perfect. It is a Church where the "faithful few" come regularly, and the indifferent multitude stay away. It is a Church where the beauty of Christian fellowship has not altogether smoothed off the rough edges of human dispositions. It is a Church where leadership can easily become discouraged. For all these reasons, and because many of our readers have been kind enough to write from time to time that we have helped them, we do most earnestly ask that they will hold this Church up before God in earnest prayer. It is not even necessary for you to know its name. God knows. We are waiting for revival, and believe that it will come.

A Woman's Circle, near and dear to our hearts, is part of this Church. The members combine generosity of spirit, willingness to work, and almost exuberant good fellowship, in an astonishing degree. We pledged ourselves once not to quarrel, not to gossip about one another. We have succeeded fairly well in keeping that pledge. Next week we shall have our Christmas meeting. We meet in the shadow cast by the serious illness of our dearly-loved President. Please remember her in prayer. And while we are on the subject . . . wouldn't you think that a husband whose wife had just returned from a stay in the hospital, would be glad and grateful enough to come to Church on Sundays? . . . Well, wouldn't you? Perhaps you know people like that, too. They need our prayers.

When we feel inclined to become discouraged, we like to turn and read again the Christmas letter which our Minister has just sent out to his people. He writes, in part: "Vast changes have come over the world since the humble birth of the Saviour at Bethlehem. But the good news which the Manger had to give rings out once again in a time of anxiety and fear, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.' We are not alone! God loves! This is God's world! That's the heart of the Christmas story. It offers the only hope there is for that peace and good will among men for which we pray. In our homes and churches, let us sing again with joy and confidence the Song of Christmas."

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

THE FELLOWSHIP'S OFFICERS

This is surely the best of places for recording our gratitude to the officers and Board members of the American-European Fellowship, who through the years have heartened us with their inspiring example, thoughtful advice, and kindly words of encouragement. We thank them warmly, and wish that all of our readers might know them as we do. One is the leader of a famous noon prayer meeting which has been functioning for almost a century on a busy street in downtown Manhattan. His noble wife aids him in the ministry of music, and in countless other ways. Another is the pastor of a beautiful Church in Brooklyn. Still deeply feeling his bereavement of two years ago, when his beloved sister and faithful life-companion was taken from him, he continues nevertheless to minister to his people with Christian courage and zeal. Another is headmaster of a famous boys' school on Long Island. where education is Christ-centered: and in countless ways, writing and speaking. he follows the footsteps of his distinguished father, who was long a friend and benefactor of the Fellowship. Another is the pastor of our Church. mentioned above. Another is the head of a large Bible Society in New York. To all these members of our official family, and to the countless friends both in Yonkers and elsewhere who give us so much help and comfort, we send our warm Christmas wishes, and prayers for God's richest blessing upon them in the New Year. The benediction in Numbers 6.24-26 seems most appropriate at this point: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

THE LETTER-BAG

Wishes and prayers similar to these are in our hearts as we think of our whole Fellowship family of readers and friends. We care about you so very much more than you might think, from our recent delays in acknowledging letters and even gifts. It becomes at times a physical impossibility to keep up with all the work, unless we follow an inhuman schedule that affords little or no time for rest. And this we know to be an unsafe practice, in which we must not frequently indulge. Perhaps those of our readers who are waiting for letters will understand us at this point, and be comforted. May we say again: every piece of mail, and particularly every gift, coming to our office, receives a personal acknowledgment, even though not always as promptly as we could wish. In this place we would like to repeat an old request: that all checks and money orders be made out to the American-European Fellowship, not to any individual. Drafts are easier for us to handle when correctly made out. We thank you in advance for this added courtesy.

Come with us, then, and look at some of these letters. Because this is our Fellowship Christmas Carol, we will give them to you not in any logical order, but just as we might take them up when reading the day's mail. Letters flow in here by the hundreds every week, not just at Christmas, but throughout the year. First let us have a look at some of the matters remaining in our HARVEST FIELD file, for which there was no room in the previous issue. The first thing we come upon is a little packet of pictures, and suddenly it strikes the editorial mind that, after years of pairing off pictures and descriptions, we would love, just for once, to print a picture that had nothing to do with

the accompanying text. This photograph, sent by Brother and Sister Lukesh, shows a group of children in a German camp: they are practising a song, "This Little Light of Mine." Are they not a Christmas reminder of Him who was and is "God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, begotten, not made; being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made; who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man." (The Nicene Creed, 325 A. D.)

(The editorial mind is very illogical. Having deliberately chosen a picture that has nothing to do with the text, it immediately turns to and creates a text to go with the picture. But let that pass.)

That was a fine circular letter which came to us in October from the offices of the Sudan Interior Mission. We have not sought, or obtained, permission to quote verbatim, but we may summarize its argument. It questions, first, whether a society dares to increase the number of its missionaries, when those already on the field are receiving short allowances. Reminding us of the Great Commission, it states emphatically that every Christian is to do all he can, and that if all Christians were faithful, hundreds more missionaries could be sent and equipped. According to their estimate, ten average wage-earning Christians at home, tithing their income (one-half for the local church, one-half for missions), would support one missionary on the field. It is suggested that parents at home, in gratitude for having their own children with them, might help to support the children of missionaries who must be separated from their fathers and mothers. The writer adds that the lack of a sense of responsibility is undoubtedly due to the lack of information, and closes the paragraph with a fine sentence which finds an echo in our own hearts: "Full information but no solicitation."

"WIR DANKEN EUCH!"

This German sentence, "We thank you!" (using the warmly intimate form of the second person pronoun) forms the title of an interesting book which came to us recently from a pastor in Germany, describing some of the results of American relief work. On the cover is a picture of Uncle Sam, complete in the traditional attire, offering a large package to a hungry mother and child. Inside is a little written testimonial, very gracefully expressed, bearing the name of our society and of the evangelical communities in Germany which have been helped. There is an account of the Berlin air-lift, in connection with which sixty-two Allied pilots lost their lives. A man is seen walking in shoes which are literally falling to pieces; the caption reads: "Before American

relief set in, this sort of footwear was to be seen everywhere." Statistics are given as to the number of CARE packages which have been sent into Germany, and also the surprisingly large number of privately packed gift-boxes. Ruins of the bombed cities are shown, and then the work of reconstruction. Sometimes a beautiful Gothic cathedral is shown standing unscathed in the midst of terrible devastation. Scientific writers analyze the problems of weakened public health in Germany. A charity nurse writes how she constantly hears such complaints as these: "Sister, it is of no use. No one helps us. There is nothing to eat, nothing to wear, the children are ill, my husband is still a prisoner of war, there is no money, and no way of earning any—how shall I get on? You are my last hope." In one city, the steeple of a church, eight hundred years old, remains standing amidst the ruins, looking sadly down on the despairing people. A housewife pictures the desperate need of brooms, brushes, even cleaning-cloths, and of course, soap. A picture shows how, in front of the Reichstag Building in Berlin, where the beautiful Tiergarten (Zoological Garden) once stood, women are now grubbing with hoes for odd potatoes left in the ground after the harvest has been gathered. The book closes with the Biblical admonition: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days" (Ecclesiastes 11.1).

This is a sobering and thought-provoking volume: we wish that all our readers could see it. After reading such a book, it is a comfort to go and open a certain drawer in a corner of our office. It is a double 4 x 6 inch filing-drawer, and it is full of receipts for CARE packages. It is pleasant to lay one's hand across the top of them and remember that each of those little cards or sheets of paper means a good-sized package of food for a hungry family. Letters of gratitude have poured in literally by the thousands. Most of the packages have been sent through CARE, of course, but we should not fail to mention the fine work done by the firm of Richard Seitz, in Jamaica, in assembling and shipping parcels to satisfy special requests.

Let us now read some of our more recent mail, from the friends and representatives in various countries.

PORTUGAL

Lisbon, Portugal, October 7, 1951.

Dear Friend in the Lord:—

Thank you so much for your prayers, news, and all your Christian love, which is so precious to us. Let me now give you some news about our small Convention at Carrascal, the 21st one (since the beginning in 1931), still held this year for only a day, after we lost the building there, following the 1948 Convention. The weather was clear and perfect, with lovely sunshine, which was not too hot, on that Saturday, the 29th of September, when we went to Carrascal, to spend the day there under the pine-trees.

Of course, we were not many again this year, owing to the special conditions that prevail. But how lovely it was, and how the Lord blessed our small gathering and the meditation on His Word, both in the morning in the pine-wood, and in the afternoon when the meeting was held in the humble building where the Gospel is preached weekly to the people of Carrascal and the surrounding hamlets.

Now I am preparing the dispatching of my latest tract, *A Mensagem da Biblia* (The Message of the Bible), for the educated classes, just to show them how the Bible is the book for heart, conscience, and brain also. Three thousand copies are to be sent to doctors of medicine, lawyers, engineers,

officers of the Army and Navy, authorities, and other persons in high places. These also have needy souls, and seem to have been generally forgotten in the work of our Evangelical Churches, that stress the truth of the Gospel for the poor and despised, forgetting the poor souls of the rich and cultured people. May the Lord help me in this special effort, and give all the means for this and for all the other literature that I am constantly sending away by post, including the publications so kindly printed by friends abroad.

Pray also that the Lord may always give me the needed strength, wisdom and spiritual grace for the preaching and teaching of His Word, whether at our own Church of Santa Catarina, or at other churches where I am invited to preach. Very soon now we must also resume our Sunday-School services, so I would ask you to pray that the Lord will bless and guide in this branch of our work also. May the peace of the Lord be with you!

Yours very sincerely in Him,

GUIDO WALDEMAR OLIVEIRA.

GERMANY

Ludwigsburg, Würtemberg, October, 1951.

Dear Prayer-helpers:—

One of our great tasks is to help the people to realize that there is much more in the Word of God than they have been told. When we invited a certain woman to the Gospel meeting, she asked: "Do you have it every day?" Like so many others, she looks at "religion" in their customary way, seeing but the daily repetition of the so-called "Mass," where the same ceremony is repeated daily. Because of ignorance of the Word of God, they do not know that the daily sacrifice of the Old Testament is superseded by the one perfect and sufficient sacrifice on the Cross. They have plenty of crosses, supplanting the "finished" work thereby. The redemption by His blood is nullified by the prescribed penances, some endeavoring to have even "works of supererogation," meaning a surplus of merits. No wonder they know not the great gift of God. What a difference between the human invention of the terror of Purgatory, and the Lord's wonderful gift. Yet the deluded souls are snatching at any subterfuge, and resent their "only hope" being taken from them, as they are falsely forewarned.

Not only the refugees need help, but also our American boys, of whom there are many here who are a sorry sight. There are many white girls associating freely with colored men, not realizing the results. I saw a white woman with her colored soldier husband on a street-car, and their colored child between them. On alighting, she preferred to hold her dog, while he took the child. What will those white women feel, when some day they find themselves in a colored settlement, looked down upon even by the colored women? But these at least go through a form of marriage ceremony, — but what happens out of it? I had occasion to enter a military camp storehouse for a box to store coal in, and the language heard there was terrible. Profanity, cursing and lewd talking was the usual thing, and even tracts were refused. A few took them, but seeing others hand them back, did the same. The head sergeant was gloating over the fact that another year had just been added to his military service, as such life pleases him. He even admitted that his father has been a preacher for twenty-seven years.

We cannot devote much time to the service men, as we are fully occupied with the refugee work. In some places, as in Frankfurt, there is the Youth

for Christ effort, in a measure. Just had a card from a friend, saying that one man came forward in an open-air meeting. But what is that among the 200,000 men stationed here now, of whom barely one per cent ever stop at a religious meeting? We praise the Lord for one soul, but do not want to grow self-satisfied, seeing the multitude untouched.

Our constant sorrow is the religious misinformation, discrediting the work of Christ. Many of the authorized representatives of religion have so sadly disgraced their own cause in the camps, as to become a byword. For the sake of the material advantage given by the churches, some people even pretend to be zealous adherents, but confidentially admit that they will have no more to do with the church, when once in the land of their destination. They will carry that baleful influence with them. But even those who still cling to "religion" have nothing but religious formality. As they have never been shown the spiritual side of salvation and the joy of expectation of the promises of God, it is deplorable to hear them brag with great finality about their "faith," meaning of course their Church.

A young couple who, we hoped, were beginning to see the light, have been drawn back to the world. He loves his cigarettes too much, and said to someone else, that he would not have his personal liberty interfered with. It did not seem to move him, when I explained the self-sacrifice of Christ in leaving Heaven's glory, the Father, and all, to die for him on the cross. A slave to his own pleasure disregards everything that seems to hinder him—and he was one of those who professed conversion! What a proof that it is not sufficient merely to claim something—there must also be a change in the life. It would seem that the hardships of camp life would at least temper the souls, and make them willing to see themselves as they are. But they rather incline to blame God for everything.

A pathetic letter came recently from a man who, while here, used to appreciate our Gospel meetings, but now is at a distant camp. I suppose he is one of those who continue in the Roman Catholic Church for the advantages expected, though he sees the wrong teaching and practices. He deplores the results of religious perversity, and writes: "I cannot understand how little the refugees think of God, despite their hardships. In the churches there is no reverence: people are merely looking around, to see what is going on. Perhaps that is the reason why there is so much bad among us. It is nothing but mutual cheating, so that one is afraid of another, and people will soon hesitate to speak to each other." Thus writes an intelligent Roman Catholic, a doctor. But what else could be expected?

That there is a possibility of real change and growth, is seen in the K. couple, who are taking a true interest in reading the Word of God and other spiritual literature which we can supply them. In contrast to others, they take time to read the Word daily, and even invite friends to the meetings. We will help and encourage them as much as possible. While others are disgruntled if their emigration possibilities are hindered, these people do not complain. Mrs. K. even said, if the Lord should come, they would not need to emigrate. That speaks for itself. Pray for them!

In the Master's blessed service, yours,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

NEWS FLASH: As we go to press, a telephone call has just informed us that John and Julia Grabowitz have been successful in their efforts to come to America; they were in New York briefly, on their way to Chicago. They were associates of ours in Poland long ago, and more recently have lived and worked in Germany. We pray God's blessing upon them in this new land.

A MOTORCYCLE

From one of our associates in the restricted lands comes a letter which we can reproduce only in part, omitting his name and the name of his city and country, but assuring our readers that this is a bona-fide request from a most worthy young worker:

"I have had the great joy of visiting my parents for a few days, and now I am going back home. I hope to be able to send you reports of my work from time to time. Jesus is still the same, and He proves it every day. While I was with my parents, I talked over a few things with my father. He advised me to write you openly what I have in my mind, and so I will do it.

"You know that I have a work among the adults in my city. But I am also in charge of quite a considerable youth work in and around that city. I have to cover distances of two hundred miles or more at a time. I would like to make visitation tours to my youth groups, for whom I should care, but I cannot do my work properly, as the means of communication are very bad. So many of the railroad tracks have been dismantled, that it takes a very long time to get around. As I do my youth work in my overtime, I simply cannot get out. I cannot waste time to do just a very little, when the help is so urgently needed. Could you just put a note in your paper, writing, for example: 'A minister who is in charge of a big youth work needs urgently a motorcycle, so that he will be able to help many of the groups. Who will offer a gift for this purpose?' I have some money already, but there is still about $300 necessary. Now, do not faint!!! I thought it this way: Do not mention the amount in your paper, but wait and see how much God can spare for this purpose. If He does not answer my prayer, then it is not His will. I for myself think that this work among the youth is at the present time the most important. Other forces concentrate their efforts on gaining the youth first. My heart often aches when I see how much could be done, if I could move faster, if I could be independent of the slow and uncertain train. But I know that our will is not always God's will, and so I will wait for His answer, which is generally clear. You may ask: Why cannot the church buy you a motorcycle? My youth work is not directly connected with my church work. I am doing the youth work voluntarily, because I see the necessity of it. I am dependent on God and on those Christians who understand the necessity of this work, and to whom God has given the means to help."

We have disobeyed our young brother's request, in giving the sum which he needs; but the letter is so charming in its youthful earnestness, the desire is so great, and yet the reliance upon God's will so touching in its submission, that we could not resist sharing it with our readers more fully, as he has written it. Let us be much in prayer about this matter.

The editorial mind must again obtrude itself upon the readers' consciousness. Correspondence is a wonderful and at times a terrible thing. We have letters here from beloved personal friends who have not heard for such a long time that they must surely have given us up for lost. We have letters from the Readers' Digest, from people who raise Darwin tulips, from people who raise Royal Riviera pears, from a young student nurse in England who became a "pen-pal" of ours during the second World War, from the widow of an illustrious Bible teacher and preacher, from the Collector of Internal Revenue (ouch!), from the Yonkers City Clerk (department of dog licenses), and from strangers in South Africa who want us to send them promptly Bibles, other religious literature, *and fountain pens* (italics ours).

FRANCE AND ITALY

Dear Praying Friends:-

Ever since I returned from my most interesting vacation in Italy, I have greatly desired to share with you of all His blessings and inspirations, and most of all, the opportunities He gave me, and the souls so ready to receive the Word of Life. But, alas, a strange fever has been burning in my body for the last five weeks. The doctors whom I consulted were baffled, as they could find nothing wrong with me. However, the latest remedy seems to help, and although still feverish, I am up, and even out.

Every city, and every step you take in that land of art and beauty, of ancient history, of Church history, is so rich that you literally wonder, and worship the God of grace and glory, who is carrying out His eternal purpose in the midst of all these evidences. My visit to Assisi had much to give: up in the mountains, in the Hermitage, under the olive-trees, you feel like taking off your shoes,—it is holy ground. Here you have the real surroundings of a man who absolutely counted all things loss for the excellences of Christ. There were only caves in the mountains as sleeping-places—no possessions on earth but the brown cassock. And to walk into the small chapel where Francis undressed, lay on the floor with the bleeding stigmata, and died, is a deep lesson in humility.

So we came to Rome—a wonderful city! To walk over the Palatine Hill into the Forum Romanum is to realize the strength and glory of the old Roman Empire, in all the ruins of castles, gardens, fountains and arenas. And then to pass the Arch of Titus, with the seven-branched candlestick, and the struggles of the Jews depicted there (at the capture of Jerusalem, in 70 A. D.), makes you think and understand the suffering of a people who would have no king but Caesar. The Coliseum—what a story of suffering and victory! The large wooden Cross stands here, where the martyrs suffered, symbol of their lasting triumph. But when you enter the Mamertine Prison, and go down to the dungeon with the block to which Paul's feet, and, they told me, his hands, were chained, then you are out of the old empire—all has become new. You will bow in praise and thanksgiving for all that God gave us through Paul in that dark dungeon. The old Appian Way, with the graves of the great, and the Catacombs, with the graves of the faithful, constituted for me a walk in the light and in the Spirit.

But south of Naples I saw misery unparalleled, millions of homeless—it almost shocked me, and took away all desire to see the gilded churches. What poverty! And the poor people have sunk so low in morals—they lie, beg and steal with a routine, that makes walking among them really dangerous. If I were young, it would appeal to me to go there, to live as they live,—just to show and to tell them of the love of God in His Son Jesus Christ. Do pray as being one with these people for whom Christ died.

At home, we have rearranged our little flat, and made two rooms into one, in order to have larger meetings. We will have our two weekly prayer-meetings. The deepest need here is a matter of God's own working, and as we see the situation, it will only come to pass by fasting and prayer. We are a group who meet regularly to implore God for a revival in France. We need unity among believers: do remember this most important fact. The evil one seems to divide us more and more. Please take to heart a dear Swiss brother, young, and yet already proven of God. We fellowship with him in worship and work, and he with some other brethren will hold evangelistic meetings here in our enlarged rooms.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, October and November, 1951
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

35265--$20.70	35296---$1.00	35327---$1.00	35358--$35.00
35266---30.00	35297---10.00	35328---20.00	35359----5.00
35267----6.00	35298---20.00	35329---10.00	35360----2.00
35268----5.00	35299---10.00	35330----5.00	35361---75.00
35269---50.00	35300----2.00	35331---25.00	35362---10.00
35270---10.00	35301---55.00	35332----2.00	35363---40.50
35271----5.00	35302---25.00	35333---10.00	35364----1.00
35272---20.00	35303---15.00	35334---75.00	35365---10.00
35273----1.00	35304---10.00	35335--100.00	35366----5.00
35274----1.00	35305----6.00	35336----6.00	35367---50.00
35275---11.00	35306----1.00	35337---50.00	35368---21.00
35276---10.00	35307----1.00	35338----1.00	35369---25.00
35277----1.00	35308----1.00	35339---50.00	35370----6.00
35278---25.00	35309----5.00	35340----9.86	35371----3.00
35279---25.00	35310---18.00	35341---20.00	35372----5.00
35280---60.00	35311----2.00	35342---35.47	35373---30.00
35281---10.00	35312---75.00	35343---15.00	35374--100.00
35282----5.00	35313---55.00	35344----5.00	35375---25.00
35283----5.00	35314---40.00	35345----1.00	35376---15.00
35284----5.00	35315---15.00	35346---10.00	35377---25.00
35285---75.00	35316---50.00	35347---10.00	35378----1.00
35286---10.00	35317----6.00	35348---10.00	35379---10.00
35287---75.00	35318---10.00	35349---50.00	35380----5.00
35288----5.00	35319----5.00	35350----6.00	35381----1.00
35289----2.00	35320---25.00	35351---40.00	35382----3.00
35290---50.00	35321---50.00	35352----2.00	35383----5.00
35291---50.00	35322---10.00	35353----5.00	35384----5.00
35292----1.00	35323----1.00	35354---20.00	35385---10.00
35293----5.96	35324----2.00	35355----5.00	35386---10.00
35294----5.00	35325---10.00	35356----2.00	35387---10.00
35295----5.00	35326----5.00	35357----5.00	35388---10.00

We have addressed several thousand labels for Dr. Cooper. The French translation of his books will then be sent directly from Los Angeles to the intellectual Jews of France and French-speaking countries. We greatly rejoice in this, and ask you to pray with faith and perseverance that the hearts and minds of these Jewish people may be prepared for this message of the God of Israel, so well written. We could never visit some four or five thousand Jews, and by no means approach them with so clear a message.

We have a daily ministry of tracts, and constantly people are coming for help—clothing and food—and we seek God for them. The prison work is prospering—wonderful work of God. Old magazines, Bibles and Testaments are sent, with as much as we can of love-gifts with extras. "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." But more than ever I am convinced that real spiritual work of God can never be told or measured. When you stand face to face with a soul, and speak heart to heart, and at the same time feel His presence, who can tell what He is doing? Pray that His work may appear! We thank you for all fellowship, and greet you in His Name.

Your fellow-worker in France,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.